

# HOW TO CREATE THE PERFECT HOUSEWIFE



By  
Prime Mover



**Dr. Sarah Jennings trudged wearily into her apartment after a twelve hour shift at the hospital. She had thought that getting through medical school was hard, but it was nothing compared to the energy, both physical and emotional, that would be required for her to survive her residency. She was expected back at the hospital in less than 10 hours, so her only plans for tonight were to eat a quick dinner, maybe unwind for a couple of hours and then go to sleep. As to her social life, well, that looked like it would have to be put on hold for a while.**



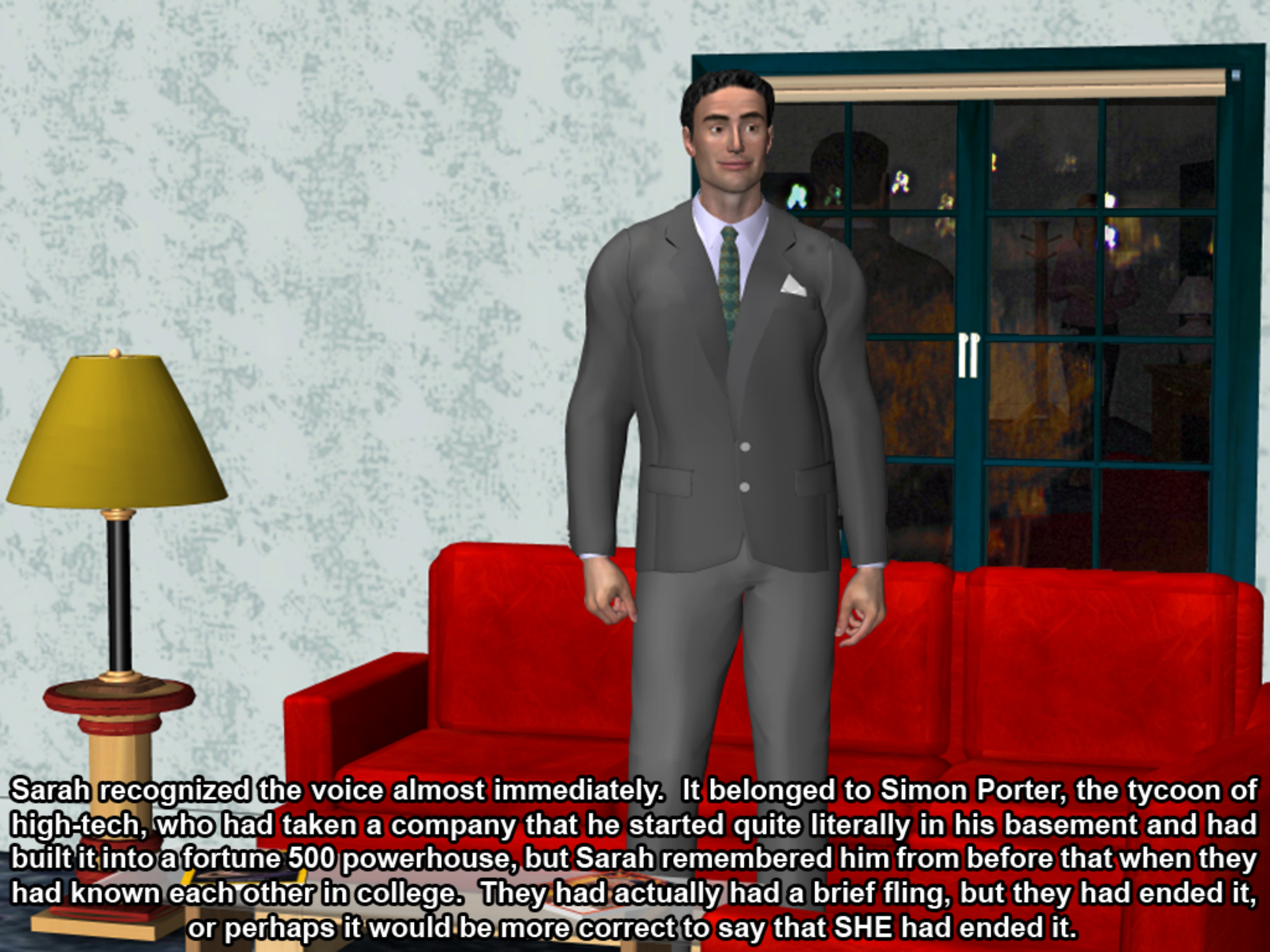


**Sarah had turned on the lights and closed the outer door when she suddenly realized that there was someone in the apartment with her.**



Hello, Sarah.





**Sarah recognized the voice almost immediately. It belonged to Simon Porter, the tycoon of high-tech, who had taken a company that he started quite literally in his basement and had built it into a fortune 500 powerhouse, but Sarah remembered him from before that when they had known each other in college. They had actually had a brief fling, but they had ended it, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that SHE had ended it.**




**Sarah recovered from her initial surprise very quickly. Having a clear head in a crisis had always been one of her strengths.**





**Simon smiled that self-assured smile of his that had always driven Sarah crazy. He might lack a lot of qualities, but confidence was certainly not one of them.**




There's no need for that. I've just come to make you an offer.

And you couldn't have done it over the phone?

No, this needs to be done in person. Why don't you take a seat, and we can get this over with as quickly as possible.



**Sarah was filled with a vague feeling of dread, and she toyed with the idea of calling the police, but she decided to play along for now, making sure, however, that her cell phone was close at hand.**



That's better. Now,  
as you probably remember,  
things didn't end so well for  
us back at school.

I've changed since then,  
but the one thing that hasn't changed is  
the way I feel about you. Since we broke up, I  
haven't been able to get you out of my head, and I  
came today to see if you could give me another  
chance. I want you to be my wife.

They ended the  
only way they could. You  
didn't want a woman, you  
wanted some kind of silicone  
enhanced trophy wife that  
would cook and clean and fuck  
you whenever you wanted and  
never, ever talk back.



**Sarah broke out in a fit of laughter.**

Oh, I assure you, I am very serious. As you undoubtedly know, I have made a great deal of money since we last met. I would be able to keep you in style. You would never have to work another day in your life.

No problem. I'll give you a good job in my company. How about VP in charge of Public Relations?

You CAN'T be serious.


You don't understand me now any better than you did back in college. I don't want my entire identity to be as some man's wife. I want a life and career of my own.

And everyone would know that I got the job because I was your wife. I need to achieve my success on my own, or it means nothing.





**For the first time frustration appeared on Simon's face. He had clearly hoped that his pitch would have been more successful.**



**All right. We'll do this however you want, but please can we at least start dating again?**

**And say that we do, and we work out all our other differences, you wouldn't require me to make any...how can I put this...physical modifications?**

**Just to date, no, and even if we got married, it wouldn't be anything major. Maybe just some breast enhancement and a tummy tuck. You...**



**Sarah did not give Simon a chance to finish. She sprung to her feet and pointed emphatically at the door.**





**Simon got up, but he didn't move. An expression Sarah could only describe as sadness came over his face.**



I really want you to know up front, Sarah, that I'm sorry that it has to be this way. If you'd just been willing to compromise a little.





Wha...

**As Sarah started to speak, Simon made a strange gesture with his right wrist. Immediately, Sarah felt a sharp sting on her neck. She just had time to pull out the dart now imbedded there before she lost consciousness.**



**Simon walked over to Sarah and made a quick check of her vitals. Finding that she was fine, he pulled out his cell phone.**



**He shut his phone, and began to change into the delivery man's uniform that he had secreted discretely in a corner of Sarah's apartment.**



**Sarah was having the strangest dream. She seemed to be floating suspended in a pale pink cloud. All was quiet and serene. A melodic female voice was talking quietly to her, calming her, relaxing her, telling her things.**

A 3D rendered woman with red hair is floating horizontally in a pale pink, cloudy environment. She is nude and has a serene expression. Overlaid on the image are four lines of yellow text with black outlines, arranged diagonally from the center towards the bottom left.

**YOU WANT BIG BREASTS.**

**BIG BREASTS MAKE A WOMAN SEXY.**

**YOU WANT TO BE SEXY.**

**YOU WANT TO BE SEXY FOR YOUR  
MAN.**

**Then, suddenly, she remembered what had happened to her in her apartment. She woke up with a start.**




**Sarah found herself restrained in some kind of chair, with her only freedom of movement being the ability to turn her head slightly to the left or right. The area where she was sitting was bathed in light while the rest of the room she was in was dark, which made it very difficult for her to get any idea of her surroundings. Everything seemed to be tinted with a curious pink hue and strange hypnotic patterns seemed to dance back and forth across her field of view. She realized that she was looking through some kind of device on her head that fit over her eyes and ears. The female voice continued to talk to her, apparently coming from speakers built into the device.**



**She could determine only two things for sure. One was that she was naked, and the other was that her body didn't feel right. She felt pain in her chest and abdomen, and her feet seemed to be bent at an extreme angle.**



**Suddenly, Sarah became aware of someone standing next to her.**




**Doctor, she's awake.**

**She is. Well, we'll have to do something about that.**

**Another person, probably the doctor, walked up to where Sarah was restrained. A few seconds later, she felt a wave of drowsiness sweep over her, and she began to lose consciousness.**




Minutes later, Sarah found herself back in the pink cloud, with the soothing female voice her only companion.

A 3D rendered nude woman with red hair is floating in a pink cloud. She has her eyes closed and a serene expression. The cloud is a soft, pastel pink color with some darker pink and white highlights, giving it a dreamy, ethereal appearance. The woman's body is smooth and realistic, with a natural skin tone. Her hair is a vibrant red, styled in a short, wavy bob. She is positioned centrally in the frame, with her arms slightly out to her sides and her legs crossed at the ankles.

**YOUR MAN MAKES YOU SO HOT.  
HE MAKES YOU FEEL SO SOFT AND  
SEXY.  
YOU WANT HIM TO MAKE LOVE TO  
YOU.  
YOU NEED HIM TO MAKE LOVE TO  
YOU.**



**The next time Sarah regained consciousness, her surroundings were far more pleasant than they had been the last time. She was lying on her back in a comfortable bed. She was still naked, but she was no longer restrained.**

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is lying in bed, looking upwards with a thoughtful expression. She is partially covered by a dark brown blanket. The background shows a tufted headboard and light-colored bedding.

**Maybe, it was all a bad dream.**

**Sarah had barely had time to think this before she realized that she was not sleeping in her own bed. She immediately shot up to a sitting position and began to take stock of her surroundings.**

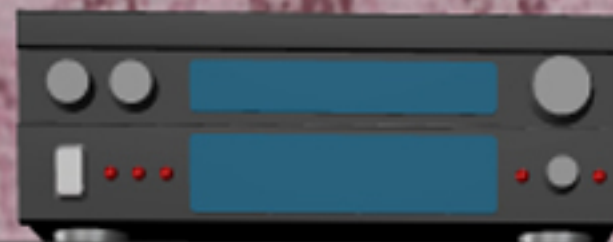




**The bedroom that Sarah found herself in was at least twice as large as the one in her apartment. It was well appointed with furniture of various types including the king size bed that she was sitting on and an elaborate vanity table which was covered with beauty paraphernalia. The far side of the room was dominated by a large television sitting on top of a table. Three doors led out of the room. Sarah would find out later that one led to a hallway, the second opened into a closet and the third gave entry to a full bathroom.**



**Sarah eventually noticed a remote control sitting on a table next to the bed. Attached to the remote was a sticky note with the words “PRESS PLAY” written on it in huge letters. When she pressed PLAY, the TV came to life, and Simon’s face appeared.**



Hello, Sarah.  
I hope you slept well.  
I know you are full of  
questions, so let me  
get to answering  
them.

You are in my home  
just outside the city. It is now  
roughly 3 weeks since our conversation  
in your apartment. During that time you  
have undergone a very special treatment.  
Part of this treatment involves certain  
physical alterations...





**At the mention of “physical alterations”, Sarah noticed for the first time that she still felt a slight discomfort in her chest and abdomen. She pressed PAUSE on the remote, and, for the first time since she had regained consciousness, looked down at her own body. She quickly noticed that her formerly shoulder length hair was now longer and blonde and fell over a pair of mammoth udders that seemed to defy gravity. Once she looked past her breasts, she noticed that her waist also seemed considerably narrower. She couldn’t be sure sitting in the bed, but it also felt like her rear was considerably more padded than it had been before.**



**After swearing a few selected epithets, Sarah pressed the PLAY button again, and Simon continued.**

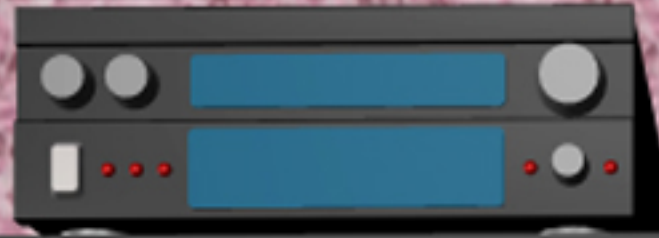
...but the most important part involves a process known as neural imprinting. I don't claim to know the details of how the process works, but in a nutshell, it places in the brain thoughts and behaviors that can then be activated with the proper stimulus.



I love you, Sarah,  
and I would have been willing to accept almost  
any conditions as long as you would be my wife,  
but you would not compromise and left me with  
no choice but this.

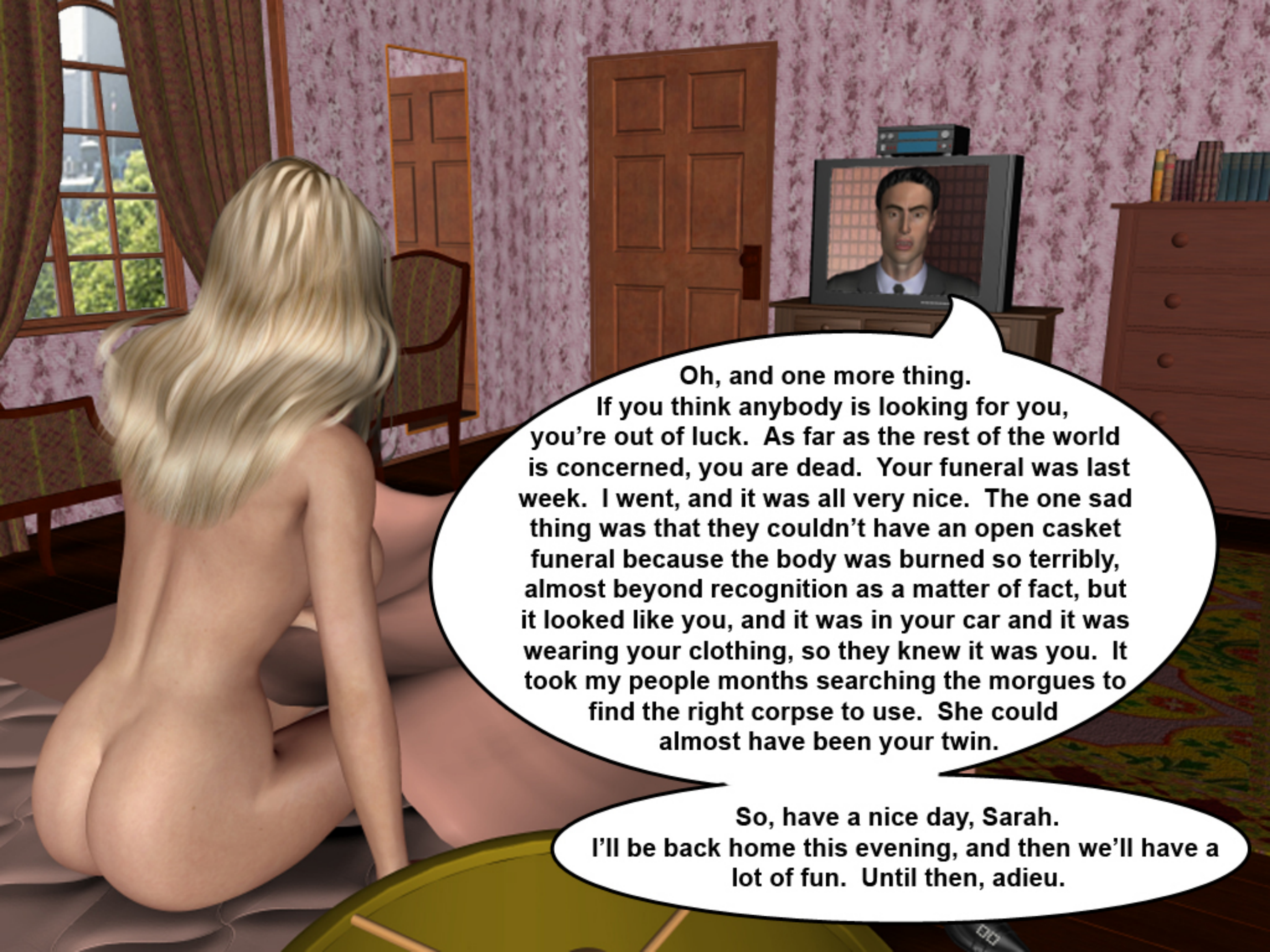


**Up to this point in the presentation, Simon's manner had been very clam and businesslike, but now his manner changed, and he became animated and almost angry.**



You do not know the time and the money it has cost me to pull all this together. Now that you have made me go through all this trouble, I am going for the whole package. You are going to become my ideal trophy wife. You are going to cook and clean and fuck for me, and you are going to love every minute of it, and just so you get some sense for the misery you have put me through, your transformation will not happen all at once. The change will occur slowly over the course of the day. You will be aware of what is happening the whole time, but that won't make any difference.





**Oh, and one more thing.**

**If you think anybody is looking for you, you're out of luck. As far as the rest of the world is concerned, you are dead. Your funeral was last week. I went, and it was all very nice. The one sad thing was that they couldn't have an open casket funeral because the body was burned so terribly, almost beyond recognition as a matter of fact, but it looked like you, and it was in your car and it was wearing your clothing, so they knew it was you. It took my people months searching the morgues to find the right corpse to use. She could almost have been your twin.**

**So, have a nice day, Sarah.**

**I'll be back home this evening, and then we'll have a lot of fun. Until then, adieu.**



**It took several minutes for Sarah to absorb the full scope of what Simon had said. She even played the recording again to make sure she hadn't misheard anything. Eventually, it came down to just two possibilities: either Simon was telling the truth, or he was crazy. Either way, she had to get out of there, and fast. She moved to the side of the bed and planted her feet on the ground in order to stand up, but when she tried to put weight on them, the most terrible agony went through her legs and feet. She quickly sat back down on the bed.**



**Upon closer examination, she found that her feet seemed to be permanently stuck at a sharp angle. Whenever she tried to straighten them out, it resulted in great pain.**



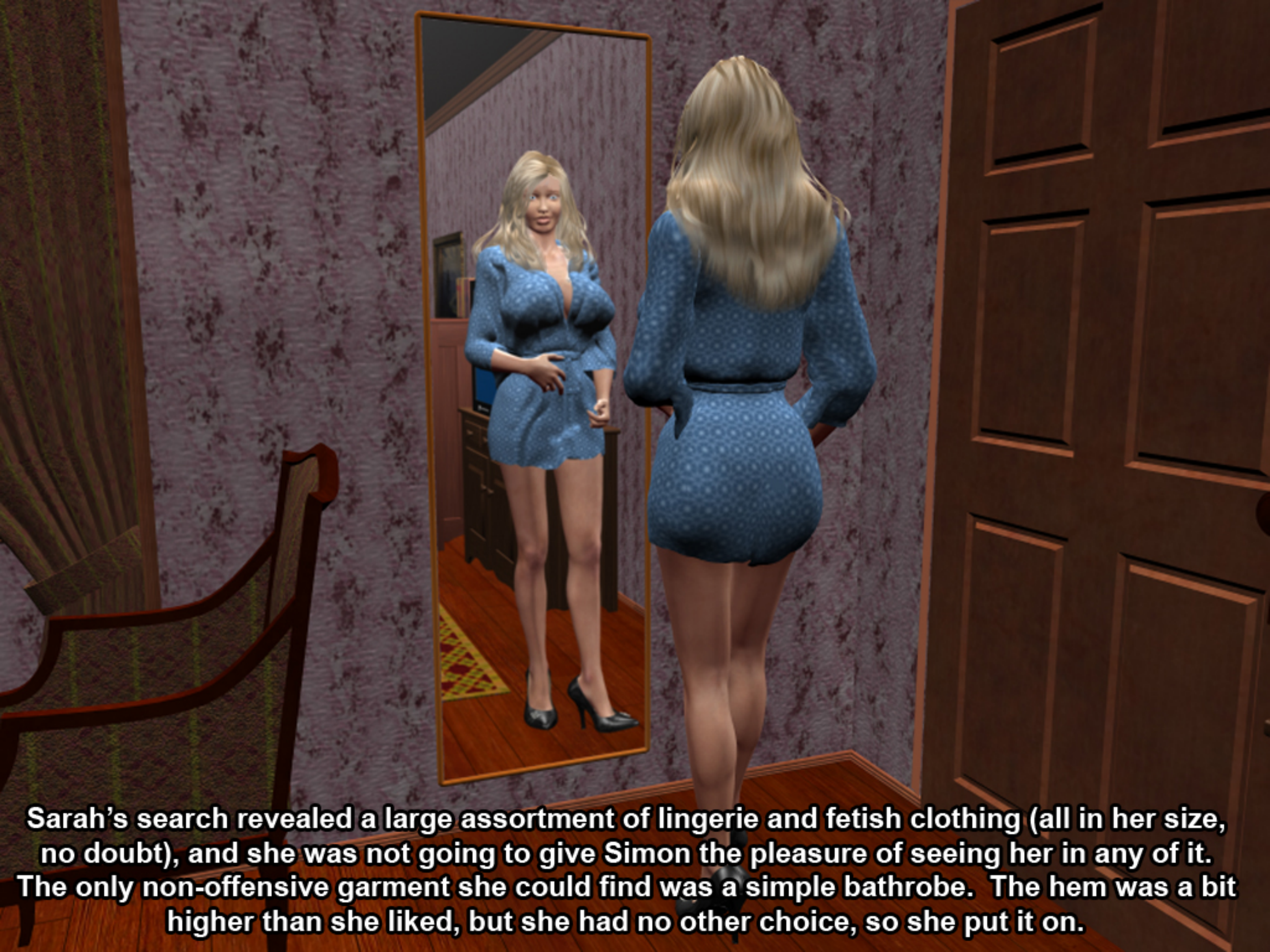
**At first, Sarah didn't know what she was going to do, but then she spied a pair of high heeled shoes sitting near the foot of the bed. When she tried them on she found that the angle of the heel fit the angle of her feet almost precisely (some coincidence there, she thought). She tentatively stood up and found that she could walk in the heels without pain.**



Well, I guess it's either this or crawl. I can always get my feet fixed when I get out of here.

**Not used to walking in heels, she tottered about unsteadily for a few minutes before she decided it was time to look for some clothes that she could wear.**





**Sarah's search revealed a large assortment of lingerie and fetish clothing (all in her size, no doubt), and she was not going to give Simon the pleasure of seeing her in any of it. The only non-offensive garment she could find was a simple bathrobe. The hem was a bit higher than she liked, but she had no other choice, so she put it on.**





**Sarah tried the bedroom door, and finding it unlocked, she opened it slightly so she could peek cautiously into the hallway beyond. She didn't see or hear anyone, but she waited several minutes just to be sure. Then she very quietly entered the hallway and made for a staircase she saw at the far end.**



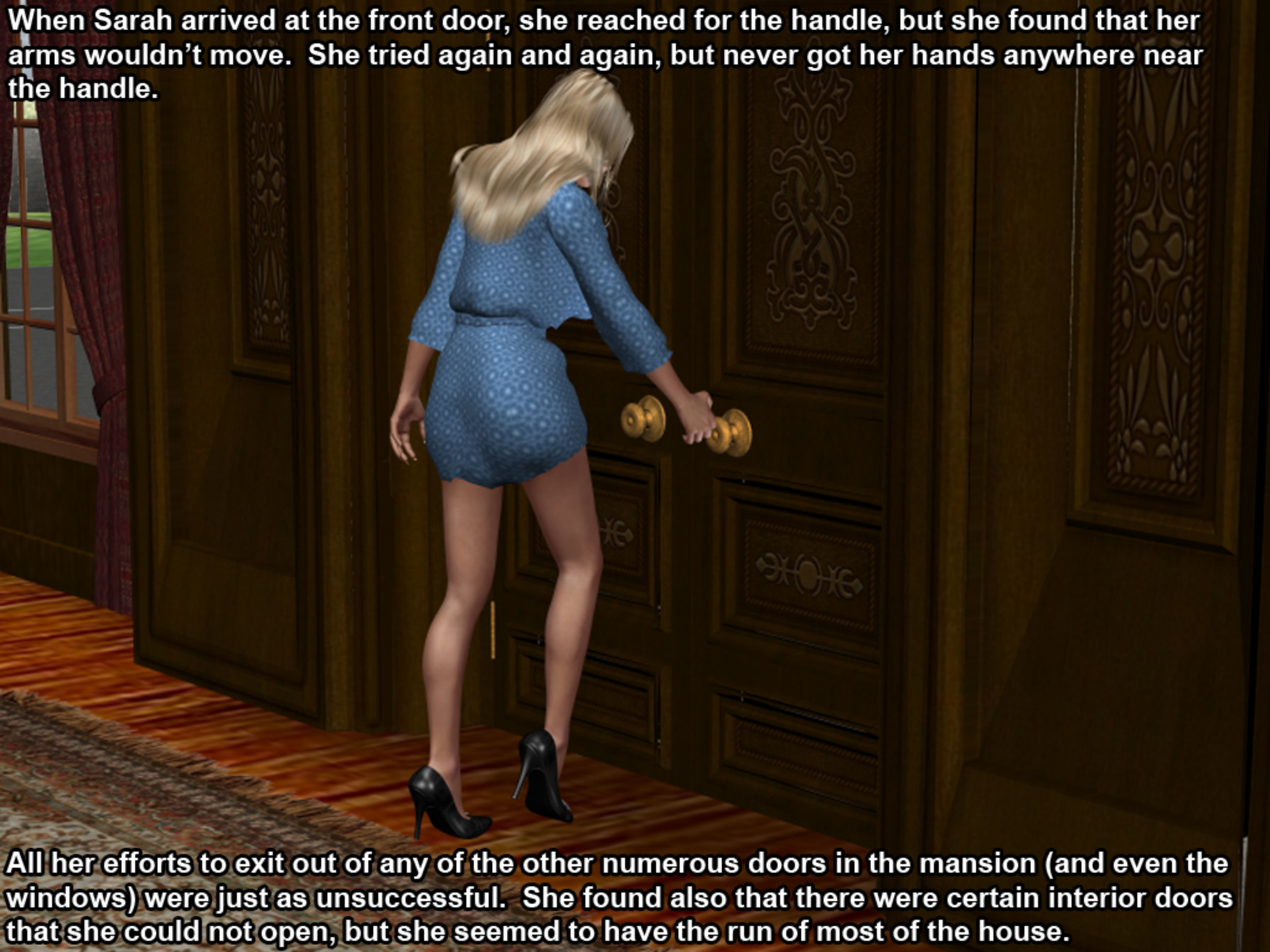
**At the foot of the stairs, Sarah found herself in the foyer or entrance hall of the mansion. In front of her was a staircase identical to the one she had just descended. On her left was the imposing main door.**



**Sarah took a final look around before going for the door. There seemed to be no one around, but she still had the unpleasant feeling that she was being watched. She still had to try to escape, though. If they caught her, they caught her. She still had to try.**



**When Sarah arrived at the front door, she reached for the handle, but she found that her arms wouldn't move. She tried again and again, but never got her hands anywhere near the handle.**



**All her efforts to exit out of any of the other numerous doors in the mansion (and even the windows) were just as unsuccessful. She found also that there were certain interior doors that she could not open, but she seemed to have the run of most of the house.**





**Sarah next tried to use one of the many phones scattered throughout the mansion, but, just as with the door before, her arm froze, and she couldn't get her hands anywhere near the receiver.**



**Sarah tried everything she could think of to either get out of the mansion or bring help to her, but all her plans ended in failure. When her ideas ran out, she sat down on one of the living room couches, and tried to figure out how this could be happening to her.**



**She wouldn't have to wait very long for an answer to this question, because, when she had pressed PLAY on the remote control in the bedroom, she had done more than just play Simon's message. She had also activated another mechanism, and now this mechanism caused a very special tone to be emitted throughout the house.**





**Suddenly, it seemed to Sarah as if the whole world had started spinning around her. She lost all sense of balance and collapsed on the couch.**



**After a while (she wasn't sure exactly how long), Sarah realized that the world had stopped spinning. She lifted her head and took a tentative look around. Everything seemed to be exactly the same as it had been before things had gone crazy.**



**She decided to take a mental inventory. Simon, she hated his guts. Marriage, maybe later, but for now she wanted a career. Housework, only as little as was necessary. She was still herself. Simon was crazy, after all. She still was in danger, though, and she needed to find a way out of this situation ... But first, she had to change clothes.**



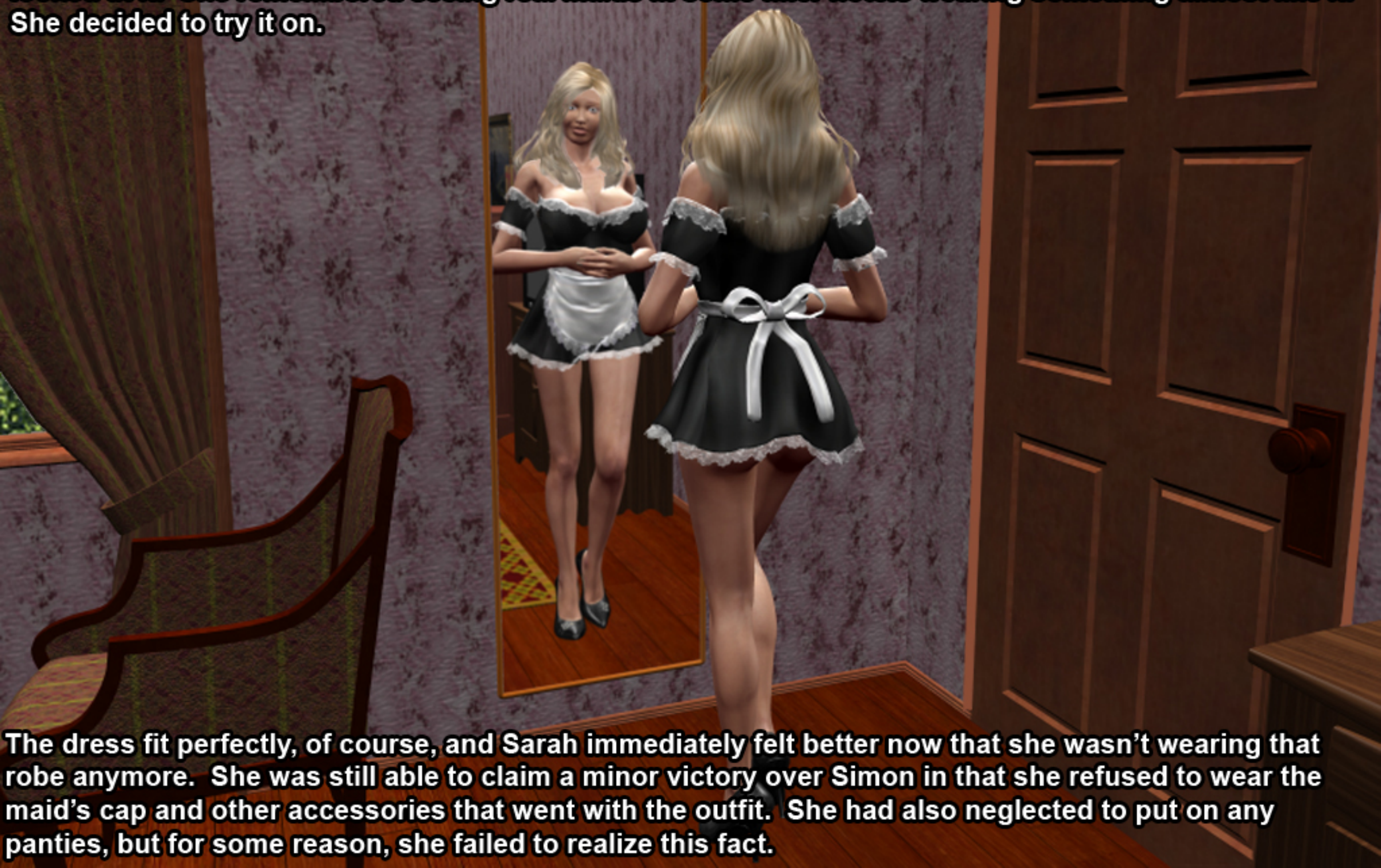
**That's right, she had to change clothes. As she sat back up on the couch, Sarah knew this as surely as she knew anything else about her situation.**



**After all, I can't walk around in a bathrobe all day, can I? What will the people think when they come to rescue me.**



**Sarah scoured the house, but the only other clothing she could find was the fetish clothing that she had rejected earlier. She knew that putting on one of these outfits was exactly what Simon wanted her to do, but what other choice did she have? She had to change clothes. She couldn't think of anything else till she did. Also, one of the garments, a maid's uniform, really didn't seem so bad, now that she looked at it. She remembered seeing real maids in some finer hotels wearing something almost like it. She decided to try it on.**



**The dress fit perfectly, of course, and Sarah immediately felt better now that she wasn't wearing that robe anymore. She was still able to claim a minor victory over Simon in that she refused to wear the maid's cap and other accessories that went with the outfit. She had also neglected to put on any panties, but for some reason, she failed to realize this fact.**



**With her clothing crisis resolved, Sarah could once again set her mind on her predicament, but her current efforts to save herself proved as futile as the previous ones had. She was just about to give up again when she thought she heard a sound. It sounded like... a car horn.**



**At first she thought she had imagined it, but then she heard it again. It seemed to be coming from the front of the house, so she set off in that direction, moving as fast as she could in her high heels.**



**When Sarah arrived at the front window, she saw what looked like a police car making its way toward the house down the long front driveway.**



**Eventually, the car came to a stop at the front of the house near the main door. The driver got out of the car and started surveying the area.**



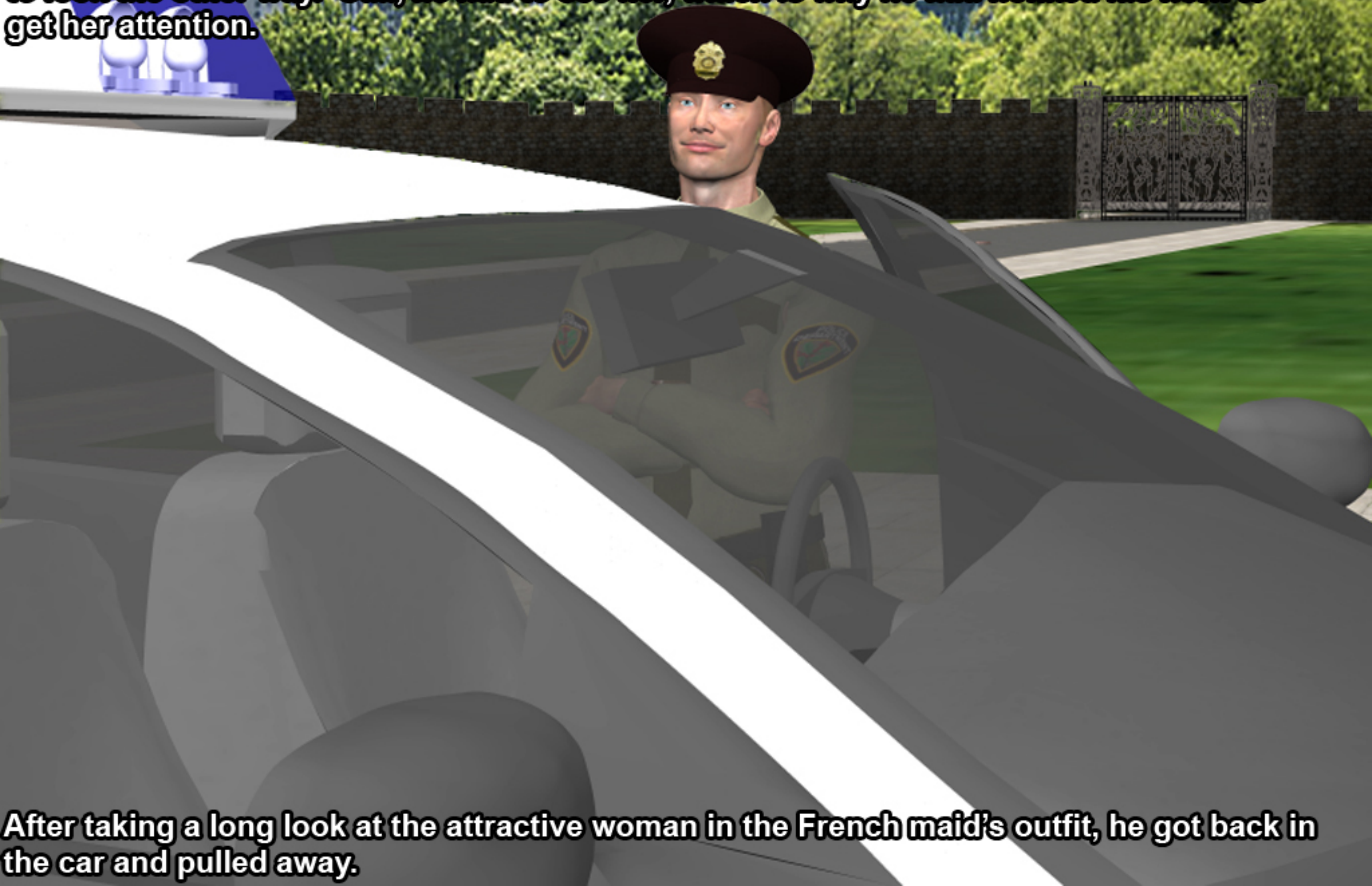
**Sarah couldn't open the window, of course. She couldn't even get herself try and break it with something, but she found she could stand in front of it and yell at the top of her lungs.**



**HEY. I'M IN HERE.  
I'M BEING HELD AGAINST  
MY WILL. HEY.**



**The driver did in fact see Sarah, but it didn't do her any good, because he wasn't a policeman. He was part of a private security company under the umbrella of Simon's organization. He had been told that she would be there, but he had been paid very well to look the other way. Still, he had to see her, which is why he had honked his horn to get her attention.**



**After taking a long look at the attractive woman in the French maid's outfit, he got back in the car and pulled away.**



**Sarah watched the car pull away, hoping every second that it would stop or turn around, but it didn't, and eventually it turned back on to the main road with the front gate closing behind it. She couldn't understand how the man hadn't seen her. He was looking right at her. Then something occurred to her. Maybe he had seen her. Maybe he had just gone to get reinforcements.**

**Sarah stayed by the window for some time expecting every second for the gate to open and half the police department to come to her rescue, but no one came, and eventually, she gave up and made her way back into the main part of the house, her mind lost in thought as she tried to figure out what to do next.**





**All of a sudden, the strange tone sounded again, and Sarah once again found that the world seemed to be spinning wildly out of control around her. She just managed to stumble to a nearby chair and sit down before she lost all sense of balance.**



**When Sarah's head finally cleared, she took another mental inventory. Everything seemed the same as it had been before, except for one thing: she felt dirty.**



**She felt like she hadn't taken a shower in six weeks. Her skin itched. Her hair felt like sandpaper. She needed to clean herself up, and she needed to do it quickly.**





**Sarah remembered that there was a full bath attached to the bedroom where she had awoken this morning, and she ran back upstairs in record time (She was getting pretty good in heels). She practically tore off the maid's outfit and was about to take off her shoes when she realized that she had a problem. She could only walk in the heels and there was no way she could wear them in the shower. She would slip and fall and probably kill herself. Then the answer came to her. If she couldn't take a shower, she would have to take a bath.**




**Normally, Sarah took a bath maybe twice a month (she just didn't have the time), but despite this lack of experience, within just a few minutes she had the tub filled with frothy flower-scented water, courtesy of a variety of bath beads she had poured into the water (She was so preoccupied with getting clean that it never bothered her for a second how she even knew they were there, let alone how to use them.) Then, very carefully, she got into the tub.**



**The hot water felt wonderful, and Sarah luxuriated in the bath for almost a half hour before she decided she was clean enough to get out. After donning a pair of high-heeled slippers she had found in the bathroom and drying herself off, she dusted her body all over with a lilac-scented talc powder. Now she was ready to wash her hair.**



**Sarah stepped over to the sink to wash her hair. When she looked in the mirror over the sink she realized that her entire body was now smooth and hairless (including her pubic mound). One of the things she had put in the water must have been some kind of depilatory.**



**I've never shaved down there before, but I have to admit that it feels wonderful to have everything so soft and smooth.**

**She washed her hair thoroughly twice, and then, wearing only a towel, walked back into the bedroom so she could put on her makeup.**





**Using skills she shouldn't possess, Sarah quickly and efficiently made up her face. Then she tackled her hair. Using brush and comb and blow drier she worked on her hair until it cascaded down her shoulders in perfectly formed waves. Finally, she painted her nails a wonderful red color. When she was done she sat admiring herself for several minutes.**





**Eventually, Sarah decided it was time to get dressed, so she dropped the towel and put the maid's uniform back on. This time she also added all the accessories including a garter belt and stockings and a cute maid's cap (She still didn't put on any panties, though).**



Ever since the world had stopped spinning, Sarah had essentially been operating on autopilot, driven by the powerful compulsion to clean herself up, but now that she was done, she could begin to think clearly again. She was sitting on the bed, fixing the seams on her stockings when she finally realized what she was doing.



Wait a minute.  
What the hell am I  
doing?

She looked at her new appearance with horror, but she also realized that there was some part of her that loved looking this way, no, more than that, needed to look this way. She knew that these feelings had been implanted by Simon and his goons, but that didn't make them any less real.



**Sarah had to fight this. She tried to pull off the maid's cap, but she couldn't do it. She tried to rub the makeup off her face with her elbows, but her arms never got close. She was unable to alter her appearance in any way. Finally, she gave up trying.**



He's really doing it.  
He's turning me into his  
idea of a trophy wife, and  
there's nothing I can do  
about it.





**Sarah sulked for several minutes, but then she seemed to be pulled by an irresistible force to the vanity where she started to fix her makeup and straighten her hair. She couldn't help herself. Her makeup and hair had to be perfect. Nothing else mattered until they were. When she was finished, she posed so she could admire her appearance. Fight it as much as she could, Sarah couldn't dispute the fact that it felt good to her to look this way.**






**The clock had just struck noon, when the strange tone sounded again. Sarah was lucky that she was still sulking in the bedroom, because the effect seemed much greater this time than it been either of the two times before, and she was barely able to stumble over to the bed and collapse on it before she completely lost consciousness.**



**When she came to, Sarah first needed to check her makeup. When she was satisfied that her appearance was perfect she started to do her now customary mental inventory, but then she noticed something that she had not noticed before. The room she was in was dirty, no it was filthy, and it had to be cleaned up and right away. She got right to work and had been cleaning for several minutes when it suddenly occurred to her what she was doing. In her sudden rage, she picked up a pillow and threw it across the room, knocking a lamp off a table in the process.**

A 3D-rendered scene of a woman with blonde hair, wearing a black and white maid outfit with a white apron and black stockings, standing in a bedroom. She is pointing her finger towards the viewer. In the foreground, a large green pillow is visible, and a speech bubble originates from it. The room has pink patterned wallpaper, a white bed with a gold headboard, and a small table with a green lamp. A framed picture hangs on the wall.

**YOU CAN'T MAKE  
ME DO THIS! I'M NOT GOING  
TO DO YOUR HOUSEWORK  
FOR YOU!**

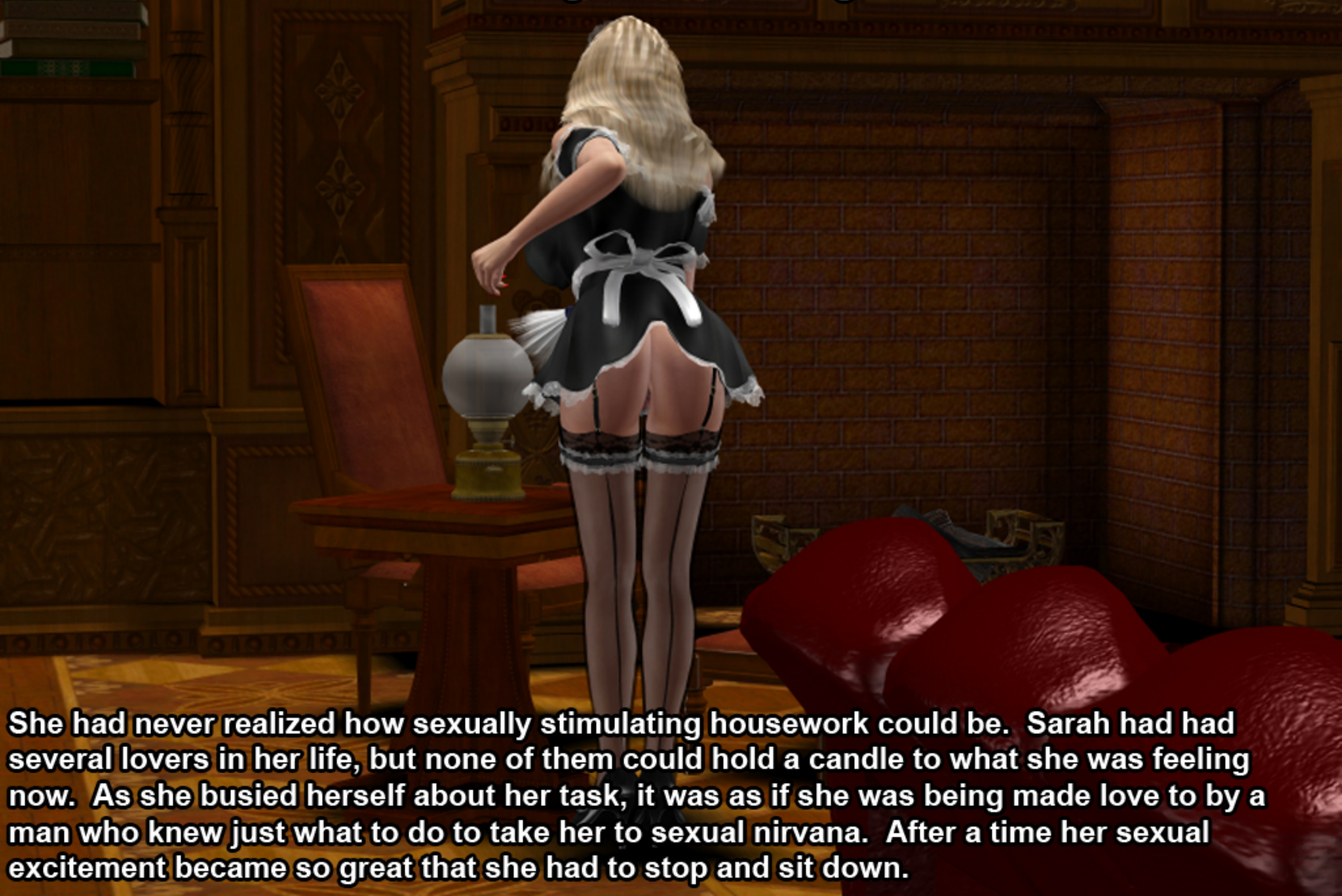




**Sarah's brief exultation at defying Simon was quickly replaced by an even stronger need to replace the lamp on the table, and then to dust it, and then to dust the table, and so on. It was like there was an empty spot in her soul which could only be filled by housecleaning.**



**As Sarah continued to clean the house (only stopping to periodically check her makeup), she began to feel a wonderful buzz throughout her body. Her nipples were becoming hard and there was a wonderful heat building in between her legs.**



**She had never realized how sexually stimulating housework could be. Sarah had had several lovers in her life, but none of them could hold a candle to what she was feeling now. As she busied herself about her task, it was as if she was being made love to by a man who knew just what to do to take her to sexual nirvana. After a time her sexual excitement became so great that she had to stop and sit down.**






**With one hand on her breasts and another on her clit, Sarah began to masturbate herself to orgasm. Her mind was filled with thoughts of how exciting housecleaning was and how sexy she looked in her skimpy maid's uniform. Her hand on her newly hairless mound felt wonderful. Finally, she came harder than she ever had before in her life.**



**Sarah lay back in the chair, basking in the post orgasmic afterglow. With her needs temporarily sated, she was briefly able to think clearly again. She brought her hand, still covered in her own juices, up to her face.**



**Oh My God. What have I done? What have they made me do? I've just had an orgasm from housecleaning.**

**Sarah's period of lucidity was short lived. Soon, she felt the compulsions again, and she was on her feet. She needed to fix her makeup, and then, of course, there was more housework to do.**





**Sarah had house cleaned herself to a second orgasm, and was working her way to a third, when the tone sounded again. The effect was even more intense this time, and she was unconscious for some time.**





**When she came to, it at first seemed to Sarah as if nothing had changed, so she happily continued her housework, but then as she was dusting the living room, she happened to glance at a picture of Simon that was sitting on top of a desk there.**



**It was if Sarah's legs had turned to jello, and she collapsed down on the ground. Simon was the most handsome man she had ever seen. She couldn't understand why she had never seen it before.**



**Her mind filled with images of her cooking for Simon, of her cleaning for Simon, of her fucking Simon. The sexual excitement she had felt from housecleaning paled in comparison to the way she felt now.**



**In no time at all she orgasmed again, this time without even touching herself.**



Oh, yes Simon.

**When she had recovered, she looked over to a nearby clock. It was nearly 3pm. Simon would be coming home soon, and she had work to do.**



**After yet another stop to check her makeup, Sarah went to the kitchen where she began to prepare a sumptuous meal (for Simon only, of course, she would fix something simple for herself later). She had never been much of a cook, but now she walked about the kitchen with the same ease and familiarity with which she had handled her house cleaning tasks earlier, and she found it just as sexually arousing.**



**When the meal was started, Sarah set the table, and then went back to her housework, stopping occasionally to check on the food.**



**The meal was ready just as the clock struck 6. With all the preparations complete, Sarah checked her appearance one last time, poured Simon a drink and then went to the foyer to watch for his arrival. Sure enough, almost as soon as she got there the front gate opened, and Simon's car appeared.**



**Sarah felt herself becoming wet again at the mere fact of Simon's approach. Her free hand unconsciously started to rub her hairless sex until the sound of the front door opening snapped her out of it.**





**The front door opened and Simon walked in. If the sight of a mere picture of Simon had caused Sarah to orgasm, the sight of the real person drove her absolutely insane with lust. Driven by an irresistible compulsion, she deposited her tray on a nearby chair and ran into Simon's arms to give him a long, lingering kiss.**



**When they finally broke the kiss, Simon and Sarah looked at each other silently for a few seconds. Sarah had an expression of total adoration on her face. Simon's face was the definition of smugness.**



Oh, yes, sir.  
I missed you so  
much. Would you like  
a drink? Dinner is  
ready. Would you  
like to fuck?

Well, it looks like  
someone was happy  
to see me.

Whoa, whoa,  
slow down. There  
will be plenty of time for  
all that. Let's start with  
that drink, and dinner,  
and then we'll see.

**As Sarah ran to get Simon his drink, her inner mind raged in anger. Not only could they make her aroused at the mere sight of Simon, they could make her talk to him like some kind of horny bimbo.**



**Sarah served Simon dinner, then they moved to the living room where he ordered her to take off most of her uniform and do a sexy dance for him.**



**As she danced, using moves that would make any exotic dancer jealous, Sarah had at first tried to resist, but soon she was overwhelmed by the sexual excitement that she felt every time she pleased Simon.**





**At the end of the dance, Simon ordered Sarah to get on his lap. The pair shared another long lingering kiss while Simon proceeded to fondle Sarah's enormous tits. In no time at all, Sarah was brought to another enormous orgasm.**





**When Sarah had recovered from her orgasm, Simon ordered her to give him a blow job. Sarah had never engaged in oral sex before in her life, but she proceeded to get down on her knees and give Simon the blow job of his life, exhibiting skills worthy of a high class whore.**





**When Simon realized that he was about to cum, he ordered Sarah to release his cock. Then, carrying out the next step in his carefully planned revenge, he stood up in front of her so that he could release his load all over her face. Sarah eagerly drank down every drop of semen that she could. She then cleaned his cock of all semen and her own juices with her tongue while she simultaneously experienced another orgasm.**





**Simon had some business to take care of, but he told Sarah that he would be done in a few minutes, and that she should run up to her bedroom, change into something sexy and wait for him. When she got to the bedroom, she put on a see through negligee along with its matching g-string that was so small that it barely covered her sex. After checking her makeup she got in the bed and posed seductively to wait for Simon.**



**When Simon arrived, he wasted no time. He quickly stripped off his clothes, jumped on top of Sarah (who had already divested herself of her own clothing) and began to fuck her for what would be the first of several times that evening.**

**Sarah was quite unable to stop herself from participating fully in her fucking, and she had to begrudgingly admit that she had experienced more orgasms in the past few hours than she had had in her entire life before.**



**After their marathon fuck session, both Sarah and Simon lay on the bed for a time exhausted. When he was finally able to catch his breath, Simon decided that it was time to move on to the final stage, so he leaned over to look at Sarah and began talking to her very softly.**





**At the sound of her name, it was as if a switch had been flipped, and Sarah was suddenly herself again. All the compulsions that had been imposed on her mind today, her need to be pretty, her love of housecleaning, her adoration of Simon, were suddenly gone, but when she tried to slap Simon in revenge for everything her had done to her, she found that however free her mind was, she still did not have control of her body. All she could manage was to look over at Simon with hate in her eyes.**



**I hate you, you bastard.  
You're gonna pay for everything  
you've done to me today. There  
gonna put you away for so long  
that you'll be old and grey when  
you get out.**



**Simon completely ignored Sarah's threats and continued with what was obviously a well rehearsed speech.**


Good. I'm glad you're still there, because I need to talk to you.

Contrary to what you might think, I am not an evil man, but you made me so incredibly angry when you rejected me. I just wanted revenge, but now that I have had that revenge, all I can think of is how much I love you.

I could leave you this way for the rest of your life, always aware of what was happening, but unable to do anything about it, but that would be needlessly cruel.



**Simon got out of bed and retrieved something from the pockets of his suit jacket, which he had draped carelessly over a chair. When he walked over to show it to Sarah, she realized that it was a remote control just like the one she had used earlier to play Simon's recording.**



**I'm going to press a button on this remote which will cause the special tone to sound one last time. This change will be the greatest of them all, and you will probably be out for some time, but when you come to, you will no longer be Sarah, you will be Honey, my loving companion and soon to be wife. You will have no memory of your life as Sarah or of anything that has happened to you today. You will just know that you are blissfully happy and love your new life.**

**So I guess the time has come to say Goodbye, Sarah, and I hope you understand that this is all for the best.**

**Simon pressed the button on the remote, and the strange tone sounded once again. Sarah immediately lost consciousness.**



**When Honey came to, she was disoriented at first. She seemed to have no memory of anything that had happened to her before this moment, but then she looked up and saw Simon, and she knew that all was as it should be. A huge smile came to her face.**

Master.

How are you feeling, Honey?

Fine, master. Can we fuck now?

Of course.

**The two lovers fucked again and again until they both feel asleep in exhaustion.**





**Shortly thereafter, Simon and Honey were married in a private ceremony attended only by some of his closest confidants.**



**In the years that followed, Simon's company continued to grow, and he became one of the most powerful men in the world.**



**Meanwhile, Honey became Simon's perfect wife. She cooked and she cleaned and she fucked for him. Her every waking moment was spent either pleasing Simon or thinking about pleasing Simon....and she was very happy.**



**THE END**

**A**

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